

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD: CHAS. H. K. CURTIS, Chairman... PUBLISHED DAILY AT PUBLIC LEADER BUILDING...

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THE MAYOR'S RIGHT TO KNOW MAYOR MOORE'S recommendation for the repeal of the numerous street-opening and land-condemnation ordinances rushed through Councils at the tail end of the Vares administration...

THE HOUSING COMMISSION recently suggested a scientific study of the whole question of the development of new districts in the municipality. There are streets which should be opened, sewers which should be laid and sections definitely in need of the extension of public utilities...

THE THEFT OF THUNDER SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON has characterized as "astounding" the lenient view taken by Viscount Grey of the suggestion that the United States should have voting privileges in the council of the League of Nations equal to those of the British empire.

A TIP TO AN ARCHDUKE THE allied diplomats seem to be remembering the day when Herbert Hoover put the fear of the Hapsburgs into their hearts. It was a good job and performed in the nick of time...

MR. DANIELS'S REBUTTAL IN HIS "come-back" on the Sims case Secretary Daniels unquestionably touched a popular chord by his championing of enlisted men's interests as "shore admirals" and his support of "medal awards for unsuccessful naval heroes"...

whole quite as vigorous, although a little better tempered, than the gambit of his opponent. The points were well made, even if Mr. Daniels did neglect to remind the Senate investigators and the public that the Bunker Hill monument itself was a tribute to valor which failed.

DISSENSION OVER JOBS NOT THE WAY TO HELP MOORE But Friction Over Patronage Is One of the Incidents of the Administration's Adjustment to Its Proper Functions

CURRENT news reports indicate that the time has come when the political leaders who united to bring about the election of Mayor Moore and a Council in sympathy with his purposes should go off into a room by themselves and seriously consider whether they wish to wreck the new administration on the rock of spoils.

They can wreck it if they think that a few offices filled at their dictation are of greater importance than harmonious cooperation in the work of giving the city a better government than it has had in the past.

The old regime was rejected for the reason that its ideals and its philosophy were wrong. The city had been managed on the theory that the primary purpose of government is to provide offices for deserving politicians who should serve the men who ran the political machine as an adjunct to their private business enterprises.

It is impossible for a new Mayor to satisfy every one in the distribution of patronage, and it is particularly difficult in this city, where customs and processes of thought have been entrenched for years and to some extent color the thinking even of those who would abandon them.

There was bound to be friction in adjusting the machinery of the new administration. And the old organization was bound to do its utmost to fill the bearings with sand. Some of the new leaders were out of sympathy with the old organization not because they objected to its methods, but because they had not been able to get from it what they wanted.

There is a prospect, however, for a harmonious outcome. The disagreement over the distribution of the patronage of the Council may be removed by an amicable adjustment within a few days. An open break was avoided yesterday afternoon when the appointments were postponed.

The exercise of a little enlightened common sense ought to smooth out the difficulties. For example, it is preposterous to expect the chairman of the finance committee to permit outsiders to name the clerk to his committee. And, indeed, the Council itself should control all its own patronage.

The Mayor has had enough legislative experience to understand the state of mind of the councilmen who are insisting on their rights to manage the affairs of the Council. And if he is true to the lessons of his own experience he will regard the riot act to those who are making trouble by meddling.

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NO PAY FOR DIRTY STREETS SEVERE January weather, which, according to the contractors, hampered street cleaning, has not retarded their demands for payment.

Mr. Winston has already refused to subtract from the city funds \$115,000 for streets that are still dirty. In addition fines for offenses of sheer negligence will be imposed.

It was this policy of reticence and studied coolness aimed for him the nickname of "Frosty Gilkeson." It was undeserved, so far as his private personality was concerned.

THE WOMAN AND THE JOB A DISPATCH from San Francisco telling of a woman who for years had masqueraded as a man contains the significant assertion that she had worn men's clothing "to enable her to earn her living unmolested."

Today women are engaged in all the professions and many of the trades. The woman in business is a familiar figure. To win success she does not have to don trousers.

Unusual interest attaches to the suit brought by Pennsylvania and Ohio to prevent West Virginia from enforcing a law restricting the amount of natural gas that can be transported out of the latter state.

The suggestion of the "Hider the Builder" Housing Association that building companies be formed to supply the present demand for houses is one that ought to bear fruit. People who have been so generous with their money in so many successive drives ought to and probably would subscribe wholeheartedly to a scheme that would ensure good returns for the investment while benefiting thousands of individual citizens and the community at large.

The death is announced at Palm Beach of Dick, a tomcat, as the result of injuries received in an encounter with a skunk and his owner, John R. Bradley, asks his friends to oblige him with an appropriate inscription for his tombstone.

It is given out in Paris that small waist is coming in again. Another attempt to skim material while boosting price. But recently enfranchised women will probably resent this attempt to make them pull themselves together in this way.

A Dayton (O.) doctor says a nighttime visit more to prevent colds than any kind of medicine. He suggests that it be made of wool and tied under the chin. The kind that was felt and worn under the belt is no longer fashionable.

SPEAKING SOFTLY Gentle Voice Apparently a Big Asset in Political Life—Newspapermen and the Law

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN DR. GEORGE C. STOUT dropped a casual remark, or rather it was a reminder, that brought conspicuously to mind the characteristics of one of the biggest and best-liked leaders that Philadelphia Republicans have known in a generation.

Republican State Chairman William E. Crow should also be added to the list. His is what might be called the confidential voice. In ordinary conversation he conveys the impression of imparting a privileged communication.

For a moment he assumed an attitude, odd and unusual, that was characteristic of him when in deep thought. He turned his eyes toward the ceiling, with his arms pressed against his sides, and with both index fingers pointed straight ahead like a Geisha dancing girl.

THE late Attorney General Henry W. Palmer, of Pennsylvania, was one of the few men in public life a quarter of a century ago who had the courage of his convictions in the face of what amounted virtually to political ostracism.

ROBERT J. BRANNAN looms up occasionally among the throngs in the vicinity of Broad and Chestnut, largely because his law office is nearby. It is more than twenty years now since Mr. Brannan gave up his career in journalism to take up the practice of law.

AS I crept cautiously up the hill to the bridge approaches a grocery wagon came clanking down. The driver yanked at his reins to turn into a street by a little negro church whose windows are providently stacked up with a pile of palmleaf fans.

GRAYS FERRY BRIDGE, as everybody knows, is not architecturally a remarkable structure, even as Schuylkill bridge go, but it spans what was the most lively part of the river.

It may be said for Director Furbush that he not only knows what should be done, but how to go about it. In some respects the Vares are getting considerably more than they contracted for.



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA By ROY HELTON

Sleet on Grays Ferry Road IT WAS a bitter cold afternoon, the streets were like glass, but in the brotherhood of a common peril nearly everybody dared to smile. Steamers and motormen and demure young ladies all passed with the glint of laughter in their eyes.

SO IT was last Monday when I took my acrobatic way toward the Grays Ferry bridge, following, I suppose, much the same path that Tom Jefferson took in his famous democratic horseback ride into Philadelphia.

WELL, it was not a major battle, in a sense, and then again it was, this first great railway merger, forming the first ring in the interminable web of interstate transportation by steam.

IT TOOK my bruised way down Forty-ninth street, which runs hastily down into the river, just at the point where a little boatyard strewn its broken hulls along the shore. There amid the little pumpkin-seed hulls of decayed motorboats I stood and watched the river.

THESE winter mists along the Schuylkill can do wonders in showing one things, for as I turned to cross over the railroad tracks, where a dozen engines stood waiting in bovine meditation, with great clouds of steam growing from their funnels, I noticed with a peculiar emphasis a little equum monument on a block of stone, that rose bluntly on a slice of hill in the very heart of the railroad tracks.

I WAS prepared, after all my trouble, to find at least the commemoration of a major battle, but it was no such thing: The Newick Viaduct Commenced July fourth 1837 Completed December twenty-fifth 1838 From Philadelphia to Wilmington

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUIZ 1. Admiral von Reuter gave the order to scuttle the German interned fleet at Scapa Flow.

THE women who have volunteered as street-cleaning inspectors prove that civic pride rises above dollars and cents. "Yes," agreed one, "it's hard work and pore paid, but after all a fella's got to keep plugging away at something, and this'll have to do for mine. Course they ain't no profit in it, now victuals is so high, and me out in the open air all day. I could eat a half a side of bacon any time after 3 o'clock, but Lord, man, they ain't no hogs no more."

on her old-stained bow, and close at hand a more sprightly craft, the J. Paul Jones, stood stiffly up in a frame of scuttlings. At this point in my contemplations my feet betrayed me once more and I sprawled down in imminent peril of a sidelong launching into the river.

What Do You Know? QUIZ 1. Who is the new secretary of agriculture? 2. Where is Anatolia? 3. What is a crwth? 4. What suburb of an American city did Congress once seek to make the American capital?

THE clouds of steam rose round me from the herd of bovine engines, and I heard the bootings and janglings and the clash of coupling cars and the rumble of a long freight train over the old steel bridge. Around me the battle was still raging. I will confess that I was satisfied.

THE Virgin Islands were officially added to the domain of the United States in 1917. I stood, my bruised way down Forty-ninth street, which runs hastily down into the river, just at the point where a little boatyard strewn its broken hulls along the shore.